

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1804.

Seduction :

A TALE OF TRUTH.

IT was at the close of a beautiful evening, at the latter end of September, when the variegated tints of autumn gave a richness to the scene, that I was contemplating the sublimity of surrounding objects, illuminated by the rays of the declining sun. From admiring these glorious views of Nature, my thoughts imperceptibly turned to the *Author* of her charms, and I emphatically exclaimed, in the words of the immortal Milton, "These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!"

I was prevented from pursuing the ideas of the Poet, from having my own suddenly recalled from the celestial sphere, by a voice, exclaiming in a tone of supplication, "For God's sake, Sir, assist me to rise." There was something in the tone that appealed strongly to the feelings; and I instantly turned round, to see from whence it came, when I beheld a figure that was formed to excite veneration, stretched under the hedge which divided me from the road. He was attempting to raise himself upon his elbow; and his alpine locks in some degree concealed his intelligent face: but when he looked up, and implored me to assist him, I was struck with the deep marks of anguish every feature displayed.

After having placed him in an erect posture, I put an oaken stick into his hand; and at the same time enquired to what place he was going, and told him my services were much at his command.

"I am going Sir," said he, in a voice more tremulous from agitation, than from the weight of infirmity and years, "to that bourne from whence no weary traveller was ever yet known to return! and fain would I reach my humble dwelling before my bones are laid in peace."

I easily perceived, by this style of expression, that his mind was sinking under distress; and, without knowing the cause, by the power of sympathy, I felt anxious to remove the affliction from his breast. After a few minutes, conversation with the unfortunate stranger, I found that he was upwards of fifteen miles from home; and, after some persuasion, he at length consented to pass the night in my abode.

I have ever found that the softer affections make an instantaneous impression upon the heart; for I have often felt myself interested in the welfare of different characters, from merely having heard their misfortunes described. In the present instance, my sensations carried me beyond this sentiment, for I was interested without being able to assign the reason why; yet there was something so peculiarly attractive in the melancholy cast of his countenance, that my heart involuntarily offered him the tribute of a sigh.

After supporting him to my house, (which was about a quarter of a mile distant,) I immediately ordered a bed to be prepared, and supplied him with those cordials which I conceived would be requisite for the purpose of restoring his exhausted strength. As soon as he was in bed, he fell into a profound slumber; and though I desired my servant to stay by him, I requested he might not be disturbed: but about four o'clock in the morning, he rushed into my chamber, to

inform me he believed the stranger had expired.

Upon entering the room, I found the object of my compassion but little superior to what my servant had described; but, however, I soon had the pleasure of finding that, by the assistance of some cordials, the suspended powers of nature seemed to revive: yet a fever succeeded this alarming debility of so dangerous a nature, as to confine him to his bed; and when he arose, he was not only grateful for my attentions, but, to prevent me from fancying they were ill bestowed, gave me the following history of his life.

"My name, Sir," said he, "is Butler; and though my present appearance bespeaks poverty, once I knew it only by name; but the duplicity of a man on whom I had placed a firm reliance brought those miseries upon me which I must unceasingly bewail. As my forefathers had always resided upon their patrimonial inheritance, and I was fond of those amusements which the country procured, upon the death of my father, I gave up those prospects which the practice of the law had opened to my view, and turned all my thoughts to the cultivating of my property, which I knew, by cultivation, might be highly improved. My heart, which was naturally warm, was formed for friendship; and I felt the impression even when a boy at school; it increased with my growth, seemed a part of my existence, and was not even diminished by the passion of love!

"To have entertained an opinion that my friend would have injured me, I should have thought a sacrilege to the hallowed name; therefore, when I was requested to accept bills nearly to the amount of my property, I rejoiced in an

opportunity of evincing my esteem. Judge then, Sir, what must have been my sensations, when I heard that the companion of my infancy had involved me in distress the most severe; for the very day I had accepted bills to the amount of some thousands, the treacherous being suddenly disappeared!

"Though I had a sufficient portion of fortitude to have encountered any calamity that had merely been attached to myself, yet, when I considered that the object of my affection was involved in the ruin, I felt absolutely incapable of supporting the distress; and the agonizing sensations which arose from my credulity, produced the most afflicting disease upon my brain. Time, however, united to my Charlotte's attentions, soon restored me to my senses; and in the course of a few weeks I was able to quit my bed. Instead of my beloved Charlotte reproaching me for my credulity, or repining under the loss she was destined to endure, she endeavoured to fortify my mind against dejection, and taught me to meet those misfortunes with *resignation*, which *regret* can never cure.

"As soon as I was completely recovered from my indisposition, the first measure I adopted was to sell my patrimonial estate, and to purchase a small cottage, about fifteen miles distant from your friendly and hospitable retreat. In this abode of industry and contentment, not any thing material occurred for fifteen years. My wife, it is true, sometimes expressed a regret at not being blessed with children; but I endeavoured, by increased tenderness, to supply their place. At the end of that period, to our mutual gratification, my beloved Charlotte's wishes were unexpectedly supplied; and our mutual passion appeared to be strengthened, by the endearing fondness which we reciprocally felt for our child. Our Matilda, Sir, was at once our pride and our felicity, as a more lovely infant never was seen. But why do I mention that which has proved the destruction of my Charlotte's existence, and the total ruin of my peace!

"I have often been astonished at the sentiments of different authors, who have declared, that education has the power of subverting all natural defects; and that the youthful mind, under proper cultivation, may be rendered as pliant as the osier twig. My child had the advantage both of *precept* and *example*; yet, alas! neither of these produced the desirable effects: and from the age of nine

years, I had the misery of observing, she neither appeared to feel filial affection or respect. At that early period she displayed an excess of vanity, which neither remonstrance or persuasion were able to restrain; and her ill-judging acquaintance would frequently extol that *beauty*, of which unfortunately she was already too vain.

"Sir Charles Dashmore had a seat about three miles from my humble habitation; and at church his lady had frequently seen my child; and being struck by the superiority of her personal attractions, always repeated her admiration whenever they chanced to meet. At length she called one evening at our cottage, and, after framing some slight excuse, told my wife, she was absolutely struck with the charms of her child, and begged she would let her spend a few days at her house. This my dear Charlotte declined, upon the most reasonable foundation; and informed her Ladyship, that, though she was flattered by such a mark of her respect, yet, as her daughter was destined to live in humble retirement, she thought the witnessing scenes of *grandeur* might have a dangerous effect. Lady Dashmore endeavoured to convince her of the folly of such ideas, and assured her, that Matilda was formed to grace any sphere; but finding that she was not inclined to alter her opinion, with some degree of resentment she left the house.

"Matilda unfortunately was present during this conversation, and instantly felt the utmost resentment against my wife, whom she considered as depriving her of those future advantages which Nature had benevolently intended she should receive. Instead of that tender and reciprocal confidence which should always exist between a parent and a child, my daughter considered her mother as an *unamiable* being, envious of the flattering marks of Lady Dashmore's esteem. As she increased in beauty; and her happiness consisted merely in the studying a becoming dress; and though she frequently saw how much concern we felt from this propensity, yet she would not sacrifice a new ribband to lessen our distress.

"Though Lady Dashmore had appeared displeased at my wife's refusing to part with Matilda, yet, after her first introduction, she called frequently at our house, and at length brought her son, who was returned from college, to take a friendly cup of tea one summer after-

noon. It happened to be my ill-fated girl's birth-day, who had just entered into her sixteenth year; and the moment the young man was made acquainted with the circumstance, he took out his pencil, and wrote some complimentary lines; which, as being the first mark of gallantry that had been offered to Matilda, of course made a strong impression upon her mind. These fatal lines proved but a prelude to a correspondence, that was most secretly observed; for, after Lady Dashmore's departure, in a letter I implored her never more to introduce her fascinating son; yet respectfully intreated her not to be offended at a father's solicitude for the fate of his child. As Matilda seldom went out but under the protection of her mother, very few opportunities occurred for the young people to meet; but as Mr. Dashmore had corrupted the fidelity of my servant, letters between them were regularly exchanged.

"Whilst this unfortunate passion was encouraged by the assistance of my servant, I received an unexpected proposal for my ill-fated child, from a young clergyman who had lately come into possession of a living, whose character was as amiable as his manners were refined. Delighted at the prospect of her forming a connection with a man so generally and deservedly esteemed, I indulged the hope that Mr. Pengrove's attentions would soon be able to excite both her gratitude and her love. Contrary, however, to my wishes and expectations, she treated him in a manner that convinced me she would never share his fate; and at length she informed him, that by persevering in his attentions, he would only excite her unalterable hate. As I had said every thing in my power to recommend Mr. Pengrove, I attempted no farther to bias, or persuade, as I knew that the affections were not to be directed either by the council or the wishes of age.

"Though I had frequently seen Mr. Dashmore lurking about my premises, I had no idea that his object was the ruin of my child, as he was always accoutred in the dress of a sportsman, and generally invited me to share in the amusement I imagined he pursued. His game, however, proved destructive to my happiness; for my Matilda was the bird he was endeavouring to ensnare.

(to be continued)

There are properties in sincere love, which deception cannot conceal.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

IF, on perusal of the following extract, you should think proper to give it a place in the Repository, I hope the consideration, that when it was written it was not intended for publication, will preserve it from the fangs of criticism. F.

HAPPINESS.

Extracted from a Letter, dated P—n, Sept. 15, 1803

— THIS subject is that which leads every body by the nose—it is the projecting stone over which all mankind have stumbled—it is an *eel* which has slipped through every body's fingers; and nobody has ever yet, been able to hold it fast. HAPPINESS is the theme of every tongue, it is that *ignus fatuus*, that pillar of smoke to which I allude. Than HAPPINESS, no one object is so universally held in view—so eagerly pursued: A desire for its attainment is discoverable in the infant of a week's existence; the hand of impotent old age is tremblingly extended to grasp the visionary genius, almost at the instant in which the rush-light of his existence is expiring in the clay socket which has held it the better part of a century.

This will-o'-the-wisp leads her votaries through thick and thin—through hedges and ditches—over land and water—yes, and some few of them above the clouds, too! (witness mess'rs Blanchard, & Co. of balloon memory) luring them with her pretty outside and charming them with the hope that *one day or other* her embraces will be the reward of all their toils. The soldier is *vastly* happy in the enumeration of the throats he has cut; in the extatic enjoyment of cutting a few more, and in bearing the insignia of his *innocent* profession before a wondering world. The sailor is never in his *element* but when the "seas are roaring" in hoarse cadence around his hammock; when he is in sight of a rich and heavy-sailing prize, or when safely landed in the port which restores him to the close cornish hugs and horse busses of his loving rib or wheedling sweet-heart. The statesman fancies happiness within his grasp when "a full tide of successful experiments" has convinced him to his *own thorough satisfaction*, that nothing is wanting to the completion of his preeminence above all his predecessors and contemporaries, but to have been the immaculate author of the "age of reason."

The plodding farmer turning up the earth on either side of him with his

plough, forgetful of the violence he is doing his fellow-dirt, and of the destruction he is dealing amongst his kindred the worms, whistles himself into an imaginary possession of happiness—calculates the bushels of corn a plentiful harvest will yield him; dwells with delight on the great rise markets will take in the event of a bloody and tedious transatlantic war, and counts by anticipation, the dollars with which every drawer of his desk, is to be crammed. The merchant scours the ocean in every direction, peeps into every hole and corner of the globe, pores over the *interesting* pages of *Dr.* and *Cr.* and ransacks every cranny in his compting house for happiness. Extacy overpowers him at the sight of a safely arrived Indian cargo and nothing is esteemed by him as wanting to make him the happiest of mortals, but the addition of—just such another venture.

The tradesman equal to all those mentioned for *sagacity* (perhaps surpassing them) sets down for his motto, "neck or nothing,"—this is to be the rule of his conduct: he will not enjoy happiness by halves; he disdains a sip from her vivifying cup, until he shall be able to obtain full draughts of the uncloying nectar at her own table. In conformity to this plan he enters upon a life of labour and (what is more) of self-denial—rises early and retires late—works like a horse and lays up every cent and dime he can rake and scrape. He follows, to the letter, the *sage* and *prudent* advice of that tender father who, on his death bed, told his promising son to make money honestly if he could—but at all events to make money! this wiseacre resolves never to stop short of independence; and when that laudable resolution shall be crowned with success (and not before) then for happiness. The lawyer is never so near the attainment of this darling object, as when setting his neighbours at loggerheads—counting the spoils resulting from their quarrels and pocketing the dollars which are the reward of his *honest* and *praise worthy* exertions, for a *decent* subsistence.

To follow a scholar through all the labyrinths which his wool-gathering pate leads him in pursuit of happiness, would tire the *patience* of even the first Consul of a great nation!—see him sweating over an insoluble problem—see him in nature's laboratory, turning every thing topsy-turvy to add to his store of knowledge—look at the object which is to give him happiness; he has laid the

foundation on popular applause and lays much stress on the delight which is in store for him a thousand or two years hence, while contemplating his own name in the list of mammoth geniuses of former ages!

It is with reluctance the editor would give publicity to sentiments, that might be considered as pointedly directed against the public or private character of any man—but, not conceiving himself justifiable in mutilating a piece which, it must be confessed, possesses considerable merit, and presuming that his readers will gather no proof by which they may decide whether any sentiments contained in the preceding extract *are*, or *are not*, consonant with his own, he is induced to publish the extract, entire.

PULFIO AND VARENUS.

From Caesar's Commentaries.

IN one of the legions, were two brave centurions, F. Pulfio, and L. Varenus, who were perpetually disputing the superiority, and zealously solitious which should have the preference: Now, when the entrenchments were vigorously attacked, Pulfio cries out, "Why do you hesitate, Varenus?" or what better opportunity can you wish to try your courage? "This is the day that shall end our dispute." Saying this, he rushed out of the camp, and attacked that body of the enemy which seemed to be the strongest. Nor did Varenus stay behind, but knowing that his character was now at stake, followed at a little distance. Pulfio launched his javelin at the enemy, and killed one that was rushing upon him from the front rank. His body they protected with their shields, and immediately threw all their darts, nor gave him opportunity to retreat. Pulfio's shield was pierced, and a dart was lodged in his belt. This accident turned his scabbard, and delayed him in his attempt to draw his sword. Being thus embarrassed, the enemy closed upon him, but his antagonist Varenus now came to his relief, and succoured him in his distress. Immediately they all turn upon him, concluding that Pulfio was pierced by the dart. Varenus defended himself dexterously with his sword, fighting hand to hand, and having killed one, the rest gave way: But as he eagerly pursued, the ground being shelving, he fell down. Here again Pulfio in return assisted him; and both of them having made great slaughter, came back in safety, and with high renown to the fortification.

Thus, fortune was so impartial, that each of these antagonists protected and saved the other, nor could any one tell which of them deserved the preference.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

United States, Jan. 24, 1804.

MR. SCOTT,

I SOMETIMES employ a leisure hour in considering the nature and properties of numbers; and find considerable entertainment in tracing the infinitely varied combinations of which the nine digits are susceptible. Although in the prosecution of this amusement, the ground I generally went over, had been previously trodden, yet many of the objects were new to me, and afforded peculiar pleasure. In one of these excursions, I think I have discovered a spot before unvisited, the description whereof is the object of the present communication.

Several curious contractions in the fundamental rules of arithmetic, and magical squares, still more interesting, were familiar to me when a schoolboy: in examining an ancient treatise of arithmetic at that time, an operation in the multiplication of whole numbers, in the form of a diamond, struck me with an idea, that this operation might be condensed into the form of a triangle. With this object in view, I went to work, and soon had the pleasure of finding my expectation realised. Never having met with any thing of the kind since, I flatter myself it will be new to some of your juvenile readers, and therefore send you a specimen of both:—

DIAMOND AND TRIANGULAR MULTIPLICATION.		1 2 3 4 5	
		1 2 3 4 5	5
1 5 2 3 9 9 0 2 5		4 1 0	5
		3 0 8 1 5	5
		2 0 6 1 2 2 0	5
		3 0 6 1 2 2 0	5
		4 1 0	5
		3 0 8 1 5	5
		2 0 6 1 2 2 0	5
		1 2 3 4 5	5
		1 2 3 4 5	5
		4 9 0	5
		3 7 0 3 5	5
		2 4 6 9 3 8 0	5
		1 2 3 4 6 1 7 2 5	5
		1 2 3 4 5	5

To form the triangle, multiply the figure in the tens of thousands place of the multiplicand (1) by the digit in the units place of the multiplier (5) and set down the product (5) half way between them for the angle: multiply the figure of the thousands place of the multiplicand (2) by the figure in the units place of the multiplier (5) and set down the units only of

this product (0) reserving the tens as in common multiplication, and let the units of this product be placed on a line beneath and one remove to the right of the first product or angle; then multiply the figure in the thousands place of the multiplicand (2) and the figure in the tens of thousands place (1) by the digit in the tens place of the multiplier, adding the tens reserved or carried and the second line (490) is completed. The third line is found in the same manner—thus, first multiply 3 by 5 then 3 by 4 and to complete 3, 2 and 1 by 3, advancing to the right in the multiplicand one figure every line, and receding to the left one figure also in the multiplier, until the whole are wrought upon.

TWICE-EIGHT.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

“—incedis per ignes,
“suppositos cineri doloso.”

MR. SCOTT,

THERE is a most daring creature who has taken up her abode in this city—bold, lascivious and impudent—she thrusts herself into families, and tarries with them until, by her unparalleled extravagance, they are reduced to penury—she is the encourager of and partaker with the midnight reveller, and the promoter of his diabolical acts—it is she who introduces gambling with its concomitant train of evils—and, when once she gets a follower, she leads him through the intricate mazes of deceitful pleasures, until, having satiated her desires, she forsakes him!—It is then he looks back with remorse and horror on the path he hath trodden—he feels the keen arrows of conviction tearing his heart—and conceiving his situation to be desperate, not enjoying one glimpse of hope to guide his wary footsteps into the path of truth, he is led to suppose death the terminator of human misery, and hastes to put a period to his existence!—no disease is her competitor in destruction—none can vie with her in cutting short the slender thread of life—she can destroy families with one stroke of her powerful hand—no locks confine—no bars impede her progress, when once her ravages begin—she can be foiled only by treating her followers with scorn, and her accomplices with contempt.—Let us then be vigilant, lest she decoy us into her fatal snare—lest we taste her poison which embitters life itself.—We

may distinguish her by a tall and emaciated form, a sable ragged garb, and more particularly by these characters conspicuously apparent on her contemptible brow—**INTEMPERANCE.**

TO ANTI-VIGILARIUS,

SIR,

KNOWING that the opinion I have adopted, concerning theatric representations, would admit of some controversy, I was induced to give publicity to my ideas on the subject; flattering myself, that if any person came forward with an intent to confute the positions I laid down, he would adduce every objection in his power against them; which would also be opposed; and consequently, a more decidedly correct conclusion could be drawn on the side where the arguments were most weighty, though the opinion I have formed, appears still to me the best founded.—Read this declaration then, sir, and judge my surprise, when I perused your piece (over a signature so directly opposite to mine) containing scarce one proof to shew my propositions are vague and unfounded; but, on the contrary, declamation without support, added to a gross misrepresentation of what I have written, and a misconception of my meaning. But to proceed to a substantiation.

First, you mention that I “deplore that the young men of Philadelphia neglect stage performances for more important purposes.” In what part of my piece you found this, it would be difficult to discover. I said they “trifle away their time in a frivolous and unprofitable manner, instead of cultivating their natural gifts:” and that of attending the theatre you consider as such. It is to be lamented you have not shewn it to be the case, you might thereby perhaps, have made many converts to your opinion; however, as you have not, we must presume to the contrary; supposing, if any thing could have been urged in support, your own understanding (if you have any) could direct you to do it. Persons by going to the play house acquire many advantages, which any one, possessing only a common enquiring mind, could not overlook: to mention them therefore, would be unnecessary.

In the second paragraph, you insinuate that “young men of capacity shine to advantage, on the stage, only in the eyes of the gay and giddy.” I am surprised “any man endowed with common under-

standing" would make such an assertion. Have not men reputed for their wisdom and judgment, frequented the theatre?—yes—and many occupying the most conspicuous places in the annals of literature have thought the subject worthy their attention; accordingly, they have advocated it. An author of no inconsiderable note, calls it the school of *taste, manners, virtue and sentiment*. But to advise attending the theatre, was not my express intention for writing, although I approve of it. To induce those who think themselves capacitated for it, to commit pieces of some good dramatic writer to memory, and afterwards practise them; not out of any pecuniary motive, but merely for their own improvement, was my chief object. Again, you wish to be informed whether "the stage has ever produced a man who has been entrusted with a *post of honour* under any form of government?" Here is an evident misconstruction of my meaning. In no part of my piece did I recommend to persons to become actors on a stage for money; unless their circumstances were such as to oblige them.—However, permit me to ask, what have the actors on our stage, for instance, to do with *posts of honour under any government*? They are no office-hunters, they wish not to be promoted to a share in the administration, though there is no doubt they would *shine to as much advantage* as many who now hold, and others who wish to *hold posts of honour* under our government. Further, you quote from my production, that I affirmed "it is a method of improvement, by which those who practise and those who look on, are benefited." True—I have said it, and you heartily acquiesce in the justness of the observation; or at least *you are silent* on that head, which I must of course construe into consent.—But that which surprises me most, is your aspersion on the Thalian Society—A society which did honour to Philadelphia, both by the respectability of its members, and the excellence of their performance. I defy you, sir, or any other person, to say, in truth, that institution was composed "of few members *who are in any way respected*." If you have any knowledge of the society, you certainly must have meant the reverse: and, if you know nothing concerning it, blush for having injured a reputable body of young men. I will not deny that there might have been three or four improper characters in it; for it would be a difficult matter to pre-

vent some gaining admission, who were not reputable; but I know myself, that the Thilians expelled some of their members, whom they discovered not to bear good characters; which fully tends to establish their respectability.

Your concluding paragraph is such a complicated mass, that I am entirely at a loss to know what you mean by it, and indeed, your whole piece is little plainer, being so entangled with quotations from authors, and from my piece, mixed with impertinent remarks of your own, as to render it scarcely intelligible. Perceiving this, I was once almost determined to treat it with contempt; but again considering, you had made some acknowledgements in favour of the cause I have espoused (tho' I believe unintentionally) and conceiving your attack on the Thilians to be an unjustifiable one, I could not refrain from making a reply: you may therefore attribute it to this cause, that you came under the notice of

VIGILARIUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Parricide.

TREMENDOUS night! hark, the wind, how it blows! the storm beats mercilessly upon me!—miserable man!—where, where shall I seek a place to recline my hoary head!—destitute of friends—without money—spurned from the doors of an only son!—cruel, ingrate! is this the return for years of anxious solicitude? often have I sat for hours, contemplating the joys which thy maturity should bring to thy aged sire—but alas! those joys are fled!—sons of humanity, hear the cries of an old man! extend a fostering hand to his relief.—The old man endeavoring to engage the attention of his son (who is surrounded by his voluptuous companions) draws on himself the ire of the inebriated youth—with a murderous determination he attacks his defenceless father, and with one blow, brings him senseless to the ground!—After imbruing his hands in a parent's blood he leaves him, weltering in his gore?—In this situation Humanitas and Goodwill find him; all attempts to restore him are in vain—his spirit has ascended to the mansions of everlasting rest, and, an undutiful child is left to suffer the furious torments of a guilty conscience.—The son had returned home, and endeavoured to be cheerful;

but alas! his cheerfulness is of short duration!—he becomes melancholy; paces the room—agonizing in despair;—his mind is tormented with reflection on the horrid act he has committed,—he raves—he implores mercy—but alas! no mercy is to be found! in a fit of desperation, he plunges a dagger into his heart, and thus ends his terrestrial existence!

CHRISTIANUS.

PICTURESQUE VIEW OF LONDON.

The following description of London in a picturesque point of view, from Londinum Bedivium, or an Ancient History and Modern Description of London, by James Peter Malcolm, is treated in a novel and interesting manner.

SMOKE, so great an enemy to all prospects, is the everlasting companion of this great city; yet is the smoke of London, emblematic of its magnificence.

At times, when the wind, changing from the west to the east, rolls the vast volume of sulphur towards each other, columns ascend to a great height, in some parts bearing a blue tinge, in others a flame colour, and in a third accumulated, and dense, they darken portions of the city, till the back rooms require candles. A resident in London cannot form an idea of the grand and gloomy scene it must be, viewed from the environs.

In the spring, before fires are discontinued, during a calm day, Vesuvius itself can scarcely exceed this display of smoke. It is pleasing to observe the black streams which issue from the different manufactories; sometimes darting upwards, while every trifling current gives graceful undulation; at others, rolling in low movements, blending with the common air; when the dreary season of November arrives, and the atmosphere is dark and damp, a change in the wind produces an effect dismal and depressing. The smoke sometimes mixes with the clouds, and then they assume an electric appearance. When the sun breaks through this veil during the summer, its beams have a wonderful effect on the trees and grass; the green is brightened inconceivably beautiful.

London is not without attraction on a dark evening; chiefly so in the winter, when a strong wind prevails.

It is then that the innumerable lights in the shops and streets send their rays towards heaven; but, meeting with the smoke, depressed by a wet air, they are reflected and multiplied, making an arch of splendor, against which the houses

and steeples appear in strong outlines, I have found the reflection so powerful as to dazzle my sight, and make the path dark and dangerous. A general illumination occasions great brilliancy.

Let us now view our subject from the surrounding country; and this should be done on a summer morning, before the industrious inhabitants begin their labours. The most perfect and delightful prospect is from Hampstead-Heath, when the wind blows strong from the east—Then it is, that the clear bright field of ground, broken into a thousand grotesque shapes, gives lustre to the projecting front of Highgate, topped with verdure, and serving as a first distance, from which in gradual undulations the fields retire till lost in a blue horizon. Hence, spread before you, are numberless objects to please the most difficult. The suburbs, as advanced guards, meet the eye in all directions, contrasting their fawn-colored sides with the neighbouring trees. Beyond them repose, in full majesty, the main body, with its mighty queen, whose lofty cupola overlooks her phalanx of children; crowned with spires of various sizes and beauty, protected on the south by a chain of hills.

Much of the external splendor of London, I conceive must have been lost on the suppression of religious houses. Numerous towers and spires were destroyed, and those of the most venerable character. Several attempts to preserve St. John's, Clerkenwell, and St. Augustines, were without success.

Medical.

DR. SIBLEY, who resides near Red River, in the territory of Louisiana, has given some account of the country to the Medical Society of N. Carolina. He says, Ipecacuanha is produced there in great plenty; also all the species of the snakeroot; ginseng, and sarsaparilla, Cayenne pepper and sage grow wild in the woods, where there is a new species of pennyroyal and wild worm-wood. He adds, that he is informed, that the lobelia and Columbo roots are found there. The ulvo vli is common. Ginger is easily cultivated. There is a small tree which affords a yellow dye, supposed to be the saphira of India. A mine of platina is said to have been discovered. Pit coal and spar are plenty. In the interior are immense droves of antelopes, larger than those of Africa;

they are delicious food. There is besides a kind of wild hog, whom the Spaniards call Evelina, which, when full grown, weighs about an hundred weight.

KLOPSTOCK AND GLEIM.

WHEN *Klopstock* heard of *Gleim's* indisposition, he dispatched a friend of his in Quedlenburgh to Halberstadt, to enquire into the state of his health. This friend communicated to *Gleim* the object of his mission, and received from him the answer, that he would himself write *Klopstock*. The following is a copy of the letter, and it cannot fail of proving acceptable to our readers of sensibility, to observe how the two eldest poets of Germany loved each other in their last moments:—

Halberstadt, Jan. 14, 1803,

“Dear *Klopstock*! I am dying, and as a dying man, say, that we, in this life, have not lived enough for and with each other; in the future, we shall repair this deficiency. My Muse has conducted me to the brink of the grave, and still continues with me.—“Poems of old *Gleim* on his death bed,” are now copying neatly, for a few readers. A copy of *Night Poems* I now send to my *Klopstock*, as I think that he alone will find nothing improper in it. It is too painful for me to dictate more.—Salute the friend of your heart, and those who keep me in remembrance; the three *Remarus's*, our female friend at Ham, and all those who love my *Klopstock*.

GLEIM.

“P. S.—I have given orders to be buried in my garden.—Round the grave stand, in marble, the urns of some of my departed friends. My aunts and nieces beg to be remembered to their *Klopstock*.”

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

MADAM Spitfire, at the sign of the *Furies*, in Hackley-street, next door to the Cat's Paw Tavern, offers her service to the public, to teach the noble art of SCOLDING and QUARRELING, in good or bad humour, in love or spite; by the week, day, hour, minute or second; early or late; before or after meal: without regard to any person, in Dutch or English. She has discovered a new way for women to pull the hair and cap of their adversary. Scolding, &c. taught in the genteel manner, to country women as well as town ladies. Judges and magistrates scolded in the neatest style. She has a very peculiar mode of scolding adapted to every age and circumstance of life. Married women taught to scold their husbands blind, deaf and dumb, in six weeks. As a proof of her abilities in this polite acquirement, she scolded eight husbands to death in three years time, and the ninth is far gone. She teaches how to make grimaces or furious faces; how to look sharp and Mary Magdalen like: sleepy husbands may have their wives taught to scold them awake. She scolded her teeth out of her head the first year she followed this noble business, which renders her incapable of teaching the art of biting; but, on the other hand, she is not afflicted with the tooth ache, which is a great advantage.—She is well provided with needles and pins, to teach how to scratch faces, arms, hands, eyes, &c. Water changed into vinegar by scolding. Scolding done in the newest and most approved style, in black, blue, red, or any colour, on the shortest notice.

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THE SENSITIVE PLANT AND THISTLE.

A FABLE.

A THISTLE happened to spring up very near to a sensitive plant. The former observing the extreme bashfulness and delicacy of the latter, addressed her in the following manner:—“Why are you so modest and reserved, my good neighbour, as to withdraw your leaves at the approach of strangers? Why do you shrink as if you were afraid, from the touch of every hand?—Take example and advice from me: if I liked not their familiarity, I would make them keep their distance; nor should any fancy finger provoke me unrevenged.” “Our tempers and qualities,” replied the other, “are widely different. I have neither the ability nor inclination to give offence: you, it seems, are by no means destitute of either. My desire is to live peaceably in the station wherein I am placed; and though my humility may now and then cause a moment's uneasiness, it tends, on the whole, to preserve my tranquility. The case is otherwise with you, whose irritable temper, and revengeful disposition will, probably, one time or other, be the cause of your destruction.” While they were thus arguing the point, the gardener came with his little spaddle, in order to lighten the earth round the stem of the sensitive

plant; but, perceiving the thistle, he thrust his instrument through the root of it, and directly tossed it out of the garden.

Philadelphia, Febr'y 4, 1804.

The number of interments in the different burial grounds in this city from the 21st to the 28th January last, are 17 adults and 4 children.

LANGHORNE'S PLUTARCH.

The first American edition of *Plutarch's Lives*, with an elegant bust of *Plutarch*, is publishing in this city by Messrs *J. Hoff*, and *W. F. M. Laughlin*. Subscriptions for this valuable work will be received till the 25th inst. It will be comprised in 6 vols. large 12mo. at 6 dolls. 75 cts. neatly bound and lettered in sheep, and 9 dolls. full gilt calf; to non-subscribers 8 and 10 dolls. 4 volumes are now printed, and it is expected the whole will be completed in the course of next month.

During the late snow storm, a woman of exceptional character, was frozen to death in South street.

BENEVOLENCE.

It gives us pleasure to record acts of benevolence, from whatever source they proceed; but, when the Juries of our country are seen bestowing the fruits or rewards of their services to the relief of misery and want, we notice such conduct with peculiar delight. To the many instances of this kind lately exhibited, we add, that of the Petit Jury of the Oyer and Terminer lately held in this city. This Jury after having received their fees resolved to appropriate them to the purchase of fuel for poor widows and appointed a committee to distribute it to suitable objects. Such conduct is amiable and we recommend it for imitation. *Bradford.*

NEW-ORLEANS.

Accounts recently received, mention the great tranquility prevalent at New-Orleans, and the high satisfaction expressed by the newly acquired citizens. They further state that the government is still enveloped in corruption as heretofore, and urgently requires the interposition of Congress.

Upwards of one hundred persons were found in different prisons in the city; some of whom have been confined upwards of ten years—some upon mere suspicion! and others for very trivial crimes. It is expected that the whole will be set at large with the consent of the Spanish government.

The wealth of the merchants and planters of the country is very great, and their want of information is parallel. Our republican principles are matters of which they are entirely ignorant. Neither can they form any idea of a representative government, or trial by jury.

It is expected that the commissioners of the United States will interest themselves to procure some attention on the part of Congress, to the furnishing of that country with the means of information, by the establishments of schools, &c.

At Colchester (Con.) from a fund of 30,000 dolls. appropriated for that purpose by will of the late Mr. John Bacon of that place, an academy has been built and opened.

FIRES!

On Saturday morning 21st. ult. about half past one o'clock a most distressing fire broke out in state-street Boston (Mass.) It commenced in a brick store occupied by Mr. Joseph Pierce, jun. merchant, and Messrs Gilbert and Dean printers, which was not extinguished till the combustible materials of that and the adjoining store, together with the principal part of their valuable contents were entirely consumed.—The losses sustained by this calamity are, by Mr. John Parker about 20,000 dolls in the buildings and goods stored in them for himself and others—by Mr. Pierce 5000 dolls.—by Messrs N. & R. Freemans 7000 dl s.—by Messrs E. & N. Withingtons about 500 dolls.—and by Messrs Gilbert and Dean from 4 to 5000 dolls in books, printing apparatus, &c. including about 1300 dls. in bills of several banks, and a number of lottery tickets:—the loss sustained by the two latter gentlemen is indeed the most serious; as by this event, they are not only stripped of the little property which their industry had been the means of acquiring, but loaded with a debt of above 2000 dollars, in the loss of cash and tickets, property of the managers of South Hadley canal lottery.

The Printing Office of Mr. Joseph Gales, Printer of the North Carolina Gazette, at Raleigh, together with all its contents, was entirely consumed by fire, on Sunday 22d. ultimo.

The Senate have, for some days past been engaged on the bill for the government of Louisiana. After a debate of considerable length, it has been decided—Yeas 22—Nays 7—to prohibit the importation into Louisiana of slaves from all foreign countries. We flatter ourselves that this important principle will be confirmed by the ultimate votes of the two Houses, and that Congress will hereby evince an unabating spirit to exert every legitimate power, with which they are invested, to rescue the national character from its greatest degradation, and save the people they represent from the deepest evils which futurity might otherwise have in store for them.

MARRIED—on Tuesday 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Potts, Mr. Matthew Allen of this city, to Miss Mary Johns of Southwark

Thursday, 26th ult. by John Firth, Esq. Mr. John Lauder of this city, to Mrs. Hannah Foster, of Barnesborough, Gloucester county, New-Jersey.

Monday 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. William B. Wood, to Miss Julia Westray, both of the New Theatre.

Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwell, Richard Willing, Esq. to Miss Eliza Moore, only daughter of Thomas L. Moore Esq. of this city.

Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr Stephen Clarkson, jun. of Stamford, (Con.) to Mrs. Mary Wheland, relict of the late captain William Wheland, of this city.

at Cranbury (N. J.) on Tuesday evening 19th ult. by the Rev. George Woodhull, Mr. John Fisher, to Miss Rose Chambers.

Lately in New-Hampshire, Mr. William Longfellow to Miss Elizabeth Short.—There are some good matches, some bad matches, and even some happy matches; but this may be said to be no match at all.

DIED—on Friday 27th ult. Mr. Leonard Kessler, æt. 67.

same day John Beal Bordly, Esq. æt. 77.

Monday evening last, Mrs. Molly Henry.

at Carlisle (Penns.) Rev. Charles Nisbitt, D. D. Principal of Dickinson College.

at Santa Cruz, Joshua Jackson, of this city, aged 23 years.

To Correspondents.

Juvenis Sereus, No. 1.—is received, and shall be duly noticed: the editor would however, wish to be certain whether he may depend on a continuation.

Questions, Rebuscs, Charades, &c.—the editor is sorry he is so often obliged to remark, that no attention will be paid to such communications, unless answers accompany them.

The Scribler No. 1.—Came too late for insertion in the present number; but shall, with pleasure be taken up next week.

Meanwell, also, came too late.

The editor would hint to correspondents, that it would be a more preferable way to receive communications at his office, than through the letter-box, as much delay is occasioned by the latter method: he would also inform those who chuse the post office for the medium of conveyance, that they must pay postage.

Lately Published,

And for sale at the Book-store of

Jacob Johnson,

No. 147, Market-street, Philadelphia,

THE Young Ladies Mentor, or extracts in prose and verse for the promotion of virtue and morality, by Eliza Leslie of Philadel. 62
Juvenile Miscellany, including some natural history, for the use of children, with 18 engravings - 18

Mentorial Tales, for the instruction of young ladies just leaving school and entering upon the theatre of life, by Mrs. Pilkington 100

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Bible Stories—memorable acts of the ancient judges, patriarchs and kings, by W. Scofield 50

Same Book in gilt binding - 75

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Children in the Wood, with elegant engravings 37

History of Lazy Lawrence - 25

Search after Happiness, by Hannah Moore 25

A variety of other small publications, making the most valuable collection of interesting matter heretofore offered to the American youth.

J. Johnson proposes to devote most of his attention to the juvenile department of his store, with an expectation of giving satisfaction to his numerous little customers and their parents.

Ornamental Hair.

FOR sale by JOSEPH CLEMENS, No. 102, South Second Street, corner of Dock Street, an elegant assortment of Ladies Wigs, of the latest European Fashions, consisting of Helmets, Caskets, Grecian, Turban, Cecilian, Savage Crops and Rustic Wigs—made in a superior style, and on the most reasonable terms.—Orders will be thankfully received and dispatched at the shortest notice.

N. B. Wanted, two or three experienced workmen, none need apply but such as are fully acquainted with their business. *ctuy*

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE QUACK AND SOLDIER.

A QUACK and a soldier once held a debate,
Concerning the merits of each in the state;
The soldier alledg'd, in defence of his cause,
His blood had been shed in supporting the laws;
His country might thank him, and gratefully own,
The merits of soldiers, deserving a throne.
Hold, hold, cried the doctor, thy merit's but small,
Thou hast kill'd a few foes and that gives thee all;
But then my good friend I would have thee to know,
True honour consists in FORGIVING A FOE.
The soldier was silenced; but quitting his side,
Began to relate, with an aspect of pride,
What sieges he'd fought at, what battles had won,
What scores he had slain and what numbers undone;
Still eager for conquest and just like a quack,
The doctor drew near and renew'd the attack;
I own I'm no soldier to glitter in arms,
My art is to kill and yet cause no alarms;
By lotions and balsams for burnings and cuts,
By cordials for coughs, or keen pains in the guts;
By nostrums specific, by drop and by pill,
Where thou slayest one, I my twenty can kill.

ORIGINAL CHARADES.

NO. I.

MY first gave birth to men, and still supplies
The means of life nor luxuries denies;
It feeds the fish that cleave the briny seas,
And the sweet choirs that court the summer breeze;
It bids to view the shady grove appear;
With living verdure decks the opening year,
The various beasts that rove the fruitful plains
And darksome woods, it shelters and maintains;
And when frail mortals sink at last to rest,
It kindly takes them to its parent breast.
My second part, may thus be well express'd,
When by alarms and dangers sore distress'd,
In every joint mankind my power feel,
And cannot, tho' they would, their fears conceal.
My whole, no art, no language can display,
In faithful hues, my fierce destructive sway;
Th' astonish'd mountains rock 'neath my controul!
My lab'ring parent groans from pole to pole!
Red lightnings flash, tremendous thunders roll,
And awe and terror seize the shud'ring soul!

ADELIO.

NO. II.

MY first is coarse and homely food,
The cott'er's fare but very good;

My second you may quick define,
By place in which we dance or dine:
My whole, when gather'd, nicely cook'd,
Is ne'er by epicure o'erlook'd.

FLOARDO.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

EDWIN: OR, THE WARNING.

FOR twelve long months young Edwin loved a maid,
Who all his sighs, with scornful frowns repaid:
The more Sophia frown'd the more he lov'd,
His love encreas'd as she more scornful prov'd.
But love, like ev'ry other thing alive,
Cannot for ever without food survive;
The beautiful Sophy smiling, charm'd with ease,
But when she frown'd—lost was her pow'r to please,
And as to smile on him she seldom deign'd
His love began to starve, and she no longer reign'd
O'er the fond youth whom dimpling smiles had gain'd.
The lovely Harriet whose truth-speaking face,
Soft, captivating, playful smiles do grace,
Convinc'd at last th' enamour'd youth there were
Others as charming, as the scornful fair;
And tho' her lips had not the coral hue
Of Sophy's, yet they could speak kindly too;
Tho' her eye darted not love's ardent fire,
'Twas free from scorn, and ever free from ire:
To cut the story short, Edwin thus thought:
Sophy, when'er her face with smiles was fraught,
The smiling Harriet did far outvie,
And was well worthy of his fondest sigh,
But frowning, she alas! could not compare
With Harriet, ever smiling, pleasing, fair.
This reasoning wrought a change in Edwin's breast,
He vow'd the haughty maid, no more his rest
Should e'er disturb—No, he would now break off,
And never more endure her taunting scoff.
The willing Harriet's love he quickly gain'd,
And she in proud Sophia's place now reign'd,
She, Edwin, with soft blandishments caress'd,
Edwin the lov'd, the happy, and the bless'd.
But soon too much indulgence prov'd the bane
Of love—Harriet likewise ceas'd to reign,
And Edwin from her bonds was free again.
Sophy and he one evening chanced to meet,
She smil'd—he never saw her look so sweet;
On him she cast a fearful, loving glance,
Which the once scorned Edwin did entrance:
As to regain it, she appear'd to strive,
That glance did all his former love revive:
"Say Sophy!" cried th' enraptur'd youth, "oh say!
Will you no more my love with scorn repay?"
"No, Edwin, no" replied the blushing maid,
"Hence it shall be with grateful smiles repaid,

I vainly thought that were I kind to you;
You'd soon grow careless, nay, indifferent too;
But if appearing that I did not love
You, Edwin would still more attentive prove:
At last I found that I was too severe,
You could not love the girl that made you fear!"
"We will forget the past, sweet, lovely maid,"
Said Edwin, "I indeed have truant play'd,
Urg'd by your scorn, I sought another's love,
But now, in gratitude, I'll cease to rove."
Sophia all her cruel words repeal'd,
Each by a kiss the other's pardon seal'd,
(Oh, what extatic! Oh, what rapturous bliss!
Flows from a fond, a pure, a virtuous kiss)
Sophia kept her word and was more kind,
She knew that every smile had power to bind
Still faster round the youth the silken chain,
Who else once more might prove a fickle swain.
Thus ends my tale: henceforward you will know
"Tho' passing strange," yet truly it is so!
To keep fond love in health, in health I say,
You must not say too often yes, or nay.
Tho' too much food the appetite destroys
And lovers, delicate of stomach! cloy.
Yet love like ev'ry other thing alive,
Cannot without some nutriment survive;
All must to this agree—permit me then,
T' advise—an intermediate regimen.

EDWY.

REMARKS.

The above piece does not possess much poetic merit; and even this is not its greatest fault—Edwin justly leaves Sophia because she used him scornfully, and forsakes good-natured Harriet because she loves him too much!—born ungenerous! unworthy, utterly unworthy must the youth be, of enjoying the soft transports of virtuous love, who could so act. In being reconciled with Sophy, he also betrays that his taste is by no means refined, she confesses disingenuity, and declares that it sprung from an opinion of his want of steadiness; and he proves, by his behaviour to Harriet, that tho' Sophia's conduct was by no means justifiable, yet her opinion of him was well founded. His comparison of lovers tired with the steady love of an honest girl (who has yielded up her whole heart,) to a cloyed stomach, is very low: and his advice to ladies to say no, when they mean yes, is immoral.

EDITOR

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

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